The Wellesley Prelude.

VOLUME I.—No. 12.

MEMORIAL NUMBER.——Josephine A. Cass.

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THE WELLESLEY PRELUDE.

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MARY D. E. LAUDERBURN, '90.
SARAH M. BOCK, '90.
MARY BARROWS, '90.
EMILY I. MEADER, '91.
THEODORA KYLE, '91.
MARY W. BATES, '92
EDITH S. TUFTS, '84.

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JOSEPHINE A. CASS.

IN MEMORIAM.

BEFORE the founder of Wellesley College had ceased making evangelistic journeys, he stopped on one occasion to hold a service in a small New Hampshire town. In the course of an earnest appeal to his audience, his eye fell upon the speaking face of a young girl,—a face rich in intellectual promise and at that moment rapt in spiritual exaltation. When the meeting was over he sought her out, and inquired into her history with a sincere and friendly interest which she never forgot. Nor did he forget her. It was through his thoughtful intervention that Josephine Cass afterwards came to the College.

Her twenty years among her native hills had left her fresh and simple, and the new life at a centre of progress was to her like sunshine to a snowdrop. A rooted self-distrust, however, kept her from a just estimate of her own powers. But she soon made her mark as a student of clear understanding and rare thoroughness. She was strikingly versatile; each subject at which she worked seemed to be her specialty, and there were not more than two or three of her classmates who could have disputed with her the palm for scholarship. She completed the course for honors in mathematics, and was also deeply interested in Greek, Latin, German, History, and English Literature. The last was doubtless her natural affinity, for she had begun very early to express herself in verse, and to manifest the live imagination and intense feeling which stamp the poetic nature. At Wellesley, she soon found out other students of like tendencies, and was one of the most enthusiastic members of a unique littlet society, which was organized under the fostering care of Mr. Durant for the especial study of poetry and for practice in making verse. Her associates found in her songs an exquisite and spontaneous melody which held much of genuine promise for the future. She was too diffident, however, to bring this lyrical gift often into general view, though a few noteworthy occasions called it forth. She made a number of happy and graceful translations of German songs, some of them at the request of the Beethoven Society's director, who approved their quality by use at his concerts. She won the prize offered by Mr. Durant for the best German boat-song. Her metrical grace is shown in the song which she wrote for the last Tree Day of the Class of '80; and her breadth of mental horizon in her Alumnæ Song, which every June finds us repeating with stirred hearts and moistened eyes. At the Commencement of 1885, she came back to her Alma Mater as Poet of the Day.

As was natural to her shrinking modesty, her circle of acquaintance was never large. To her few intimate friends she seemed in some respects like a sister of Keats, a passionate lover of beauty, drinking it in through every sense, building palaces of delight from small hints. Especially marked was her joy in nature, in its colors, perfumes, sweet sounds and gentle touches, which had power to soothe and uplift her in many an hour of discouragement and pain. Like Keats, too, she suffered

much, as she enjoyed much. Her mother died soon after she was born, and a haunting sense of this great loss found expression in many of her poems. Her deep and childlike yearning for human affection, combined with her delicate health and other serious drawbacks, made her life very pathetic to those who knew her best. But an equally childlike faith in and obedience to the infinitely loving God to whom her dying mother had commended her gave stability to her character, and kept her far from the ranks of the egotists and complainers.

After leaving College she joined the great army of teachers; but her ever-increasing ill-health made life a struggle and work a burden. She kept on writing her sweet songs, several of which appeared in the periodicals of the day, though her weariness of body and mind prevented anything like adequate expression. But this later verse is very precious to her friends, aside from its technical merit. It shows how her old intense delight in God's beautiful world kept her eyes bright and her heart young. It shows too how the faithful soul was constantly winning new jewels of courage and patience from the dark shadows of suffering. When the end was drawing near, and the gentle spirit was hovering on the shadowy border-line between its pitifully hampered earthly life and the love and freedom of the heavenly home, the pure sweetness of her whole nature spoke once more, as between the quick, hard breaths of pain she repeated distinctly the lines of George Herbert, which she said were "running in her head":

"Not thankful, when it pleaseth me;
As if thy blessings had spare days;
But such a heart whose pulse may be
Thy praise."

Marion Pelton Guild, '80.

You may blame the rain or no,
But it ever hath been so;
Something fairest of its race
Perisheth from out its place
For the lack of freshening care,
While the rain pours otherwhere.

—*Edith Thomas.*

SELECTED POEMS.

JOSEPHINE A. CASS, '80.

MY LADY.

I.

'Twas by chance I sat beside her, in the wild, wintry weather,
With my freezing hands and frozen heart and heavy-dropping lids,—
No grace of form or face the good God had denied her,
Nor beauty of the mind that truer homage bids;
What wonder that agape, so steadily I eyed her
She dropped her netted veil? What right had I beside her?
Yet rode we two together, thro' the wintry night's wild weather.

II.

She was not all a stranger to me who sat beside her:
No grace of Love or Home the good God had denied her.
Oh! queenly was her brow, and her eyes more full of light
Than diamonds, raying splendor to warm the wintry night,
But not one ray of all on the freezing child might fall,
Who sat staring, hungry-souled, as soon as she had spied her,
And was, perchance, discourteous, so steadily she eyed her.

III.

My Lady is a mother, with daughters fair to see,
And one a laughing baby that nestles on her knee;
A younger babe was I, when my mother kissed me last,
Ere forth to pierce the gloom of a starless night she passed;
Four moons had waxed and waned since first she brought me forth,
Oh! warmly lay the piléd snow, and chilly blew the North!
Four moons,—the May had come—the South stole curiously,
Flower-scented, through the casement, her parting pain to see.

IV.

O my lady! Is your motherhood no broader than its own?
Have we who wander motherless, and choose our paths alone

No claim upon your heart? True we are coarser clay,
All grace of form and face and sweetly winning way
The good God hath denied us, all grace of Love and Home,
Till on the golden streets we stand, where angel-mothers come.
Have you, meanwhile, no word, no gracious glance or touch,
No strong-enfolding arm to draw us back from harm,
For His, the Son's, dear sake, who loveth even such?

Christian Union.

HENRY F. DURANT.

O star! white star in heaven,
Who wast on earth so brief a time ago!
Let thou so much of thy pure light be given
That we may reach thee after toil and woe!

White star that shin'st above us,
Scarce whiter now than erst, when here below!
Oh, dost thou still, as then, look down to love us
Divinely gracious, from thy heights of snow?

High star, wilt not draw nearer?
Our eyes with grief are dim. Couldst thou but show
That, unforgotten, we are held e'en dearer,
We should be comforted, who miss thee so.

True star, is't ours to doubt thee?
Our souls, whatever wind of change may blow,
Once having known, can never be without thee!
What harm can come to love from any foe?

Dear star, who freely wrought us
Uncounted blessing, earthly years move slow,
May we not make return for good so brought us
And do some work for thee, ere hence we go?

Thou sayest like that Other,
The Morning Star, on Judah's hills aglow,
"Whate'er, my friends, for any lowliest brother
Ye do, is done for me." Content we grow.

Bright star, beyond all sorrow,
Temptation, strife, our tears no longer flow,
We wait serenely that celestial morrow
When we thine endless peace shall fully know.

FAREWELL TREE SONG.
'80.

A song of farewell!
A last, long farewell, O our Tree!
And after, the spell
Of silence, o'er us and o'er thee!

I.

O Winds of the North,
O strong Winds from ice-caverns blowing!
And ye that come forth
Whence lotus-fringed rivers are flowing!
O Wind of the West,
That soul of the sunsets art holding!
And mist-haunted East!
Oh! hearken, your swift pinions folding!

II.

This tree be your care!
All redolence round it be strewing!
Full deftly prepare,
O Sun! for its daily renewing,
Thy baths of pure gold!
Ye dews of the morning, and showers
Of sweetness untold,
Bring freshness for midsummer hours!

III.

We go on our ways
To wander afar; but thy gleaming
Will light up the days,
And brighten both duty and dreaming.
Farewell, O our Tree!
Wherever our paths may be tending,
Our hearts unto thee
Will turn, with a love never ending!

A song of farewell!
A last, long farewell, O our Tree!
And after, the spell
Of silence, o'er us and o'er thee!

WELLESLEY COLLEGE ALUMNAE SONG.

TUNE: "*Ach! Wie ist's Möglich Dann.*"

I.

Ours is the happy Past!
Sing we now, soft and low,
Song for the days that go,
Ne'er to return!
Swift tho' the years may fly,
Clouds on a stormy blast,
Safe as the fair blue sky
Bideth our Past!

II.

Ours, too, the Present is,
Ours with its joy and pain;
Sing we a mingled strain,
Each greeting each.
Glad tho' our meeting be,
Some faces dear we miss:
Sacred their memory
In hours like this!

III.

Ours are the future days!
Ours for the stronger strife:
Ours for the larger life—
Helping the world!
O'er white fields looking out,
Joyous the song we raise:
Hope overmasters doubt.
Welcome, bright days!

IV.

Ours is Eternity!
Where Then and Now are one.
All rivers under sun
Find here their home.
Tho' life seem incomplete,
Not far our dim eyes see:
Fragments ere long shall meet,
And perfect be!

ROSE AND DAISY.

The Daisy lifted her eyes to the Rose,
(The Daisy that grew so low)
At the summer day's dim, shadowy close,
When the south began to blow,
And the blush of the sky at the parting kiss
Of the sun was paling slow.

And she wondered why, as daisies will,
God made the Rose so fair;
And drowsily nodding, wondered still
Till sleep o'ertook her there—
A sleep so deep, she knew it not
When the south wind touched her hair.

But the south-wind's touch aroused a dream:
In the heavenly garden plot
Beside a clear and winding stream
That fed the Forget-me-not
They two did seem ('twas but a dream)
To grow, and share one lot!

They two did grow as sisters dear,
And the Daisy's weary head,
With never a thought of doubt or fear,
On the Rose's breast was laid;
For the mother-heart stooped and drew it near—
The little, motherless head!

But the night wind passed, and the Daisy woke;
And queenly above her there
The Rose smiled on. The morning broke,
And flushed the sapphire air,
And she wondered still, as daisies will,
Why roses grow so fair!

—*Springfield Republican.*

WHICH IS FAIREST?

What's the fairest flower that blows?
Shall we say the crimson rose,
With her passion and her pain,
Drenched, for tears, in summer rain,
Or, when sunlight fills her cup,
Offering joy's incense up
To the Beauty-Giver high?
Crown her fairest? Nay, not I!

What, then, is the fairest flower?
Wild rose, blushing in her bower,
Childhood's emblem, fresh and free,
Full of shy simplicity,
Vanishing like childhood, too,
Quickly as the morning dew
When the hours lead on the day?
Do we hold her dearest? Nay!

Lilies from some woodland nook,
Where but few e'er come to look,—
Golden bells that tell the hour,
From their lofty steeple-tower,
For the fays among the ferns,
Or upright, with rose red urns,
Type of mirth Arcadian,
Dear unto the heart of Pan?

Nay; not ye, though fair ye are,
Beauty's heaven a brighter star
Holds enshrined. For purity
Thou my saint and queen shalt be,
Water-lily, pure and strong,
Clean from every thought of wrong!
Half of earth and half of heaven,
Unto thee the crown be given!

—*Boston Transcript.*

TO SOME ENGLISH DAISIES.

O daisies, modest daisies,
With your blushing, crimson faces,
Has the great sun gazed too long upon you, from the heavens above?
Has the wind that lightly passes,
Leaping o'er the empaling grasses,
Whispered what to you hath seemed sincere and tender love?

Has wall-flower, bending nearer,
That the better you might hear her,
Pouted forth some wicked scandal about the young primrose?
Or has some foreign lady
(American it may be)
Reviled the English weather till great your anger grows?

But when now I think upon it,
I would wager my new bonnet
That you really are not blushing, but your cheeks are always red,
Like a healthy English lassie's.
I'll not ask how many glasses
Of dew-wine you drank last evening, ere you drooped each drowsy head!

No; the cause of these bright faces
(English maids and English daisies)
Is this very English climate 'gainst which we sometimes rail;
Mists enough and sunshine rarely,
But he'll own, who judges fairly,
That this island's flowers and faces would make any sunshine pale.

CAMBRIDGE, ENG. —*Boston Transcript.*

AFTER FIVE YEARS.

TO M. D. S.

I.

Thou comest, of ladies the dearest!
And the years are as nothing between;
Like the white rose of dawn thou appearest
When dreary the darkness has been!
All the clouds from my spirit thou clearest,
Thou loveliest soul I have seen!

Think'st thou I could ever forget thee,
Should years into centuries grow?
On any heart-pedestal set thee
The highest and holiest below,
Forever, since long syne I met thee,
The loveliest lady I know?

II.

Ah! the years have changed me surely:
Will the new lines please thine eye?
Wilt thou find I strive more purely
Truthward—set my goal more high?
Yet howe'er I change, securely
Art thou pure, to live or die.

If in vast unknown Hereafter
Fate should grant some new-old bond,
(Wingéd guides, I pray you, waft her
Not too far my path beyond!)
Where is rest from tears and laughter,
Loveliest wilt thou still be found.

—*Boston Transcript.*

THE GIFT.

Ah, my friend! what may I give thee?
Hast no lack I might supply—
Pain, whereof I might relieve thee,
Loss, I richly might retrieve thee?
All unclouded is thy sky?

Greater joys nor earth nor Heaven
To my eager heart could show,
Than to give what thou hast striven
Long to reach, or bless thee, even,
In some way thou would'st not know.

Nay; no lack thy life is showing,
All thy days are crowned with good.
When the stream is overflowing,
Heed we, if some rose in blowing
Drops a petal on the flood?

Yet I give myself in loving!
Make, O God, my heart so true,
Every fault and flaw removing,
That my friend, its clear depths proving,
Find a blessing ever new.

—*Boston Transcript.*

TO AN ABSENT FRIEND.

I.

"Is not the life, then, more than meat?"
Yea; and our souls may freely live
Without material food; and yet,
Since it hath pleased our God to give
A double life—both body and soul—
The best existence is, be sure,
Symmetric, and includes the whole,
Body well kept, soul strong and pure.

II.

So love may live when interchange
Of thought and feeling is denied.
True hearts are not of things that range;
Silent, they still walk side by side.
Yet love's best life is that wherein
Its strong, pure soul expression hath
In gracious body. Such to win
Some needs must pass the gates of death.

—*Boston Transcript.*

IN EXILE.

In the hush of the midnight I dream, love,
Of a city that lies by the sea:
Of a lighthouse I catch the red gleam, love,
As I pace the dim shore-path with thee.

The waves roll in from afar, love,
And call us with voices of power;
The white fire of one solemn star, love,
In the clear west shines like a flower.

And the twilight sky broodeth low, love,
O'er roof and gable and spire,
As Heaven loved the city, and so, love,
Were stooping to beckon her higher.

To eastward the moon mounteth slow, love,
The blue heaven's invisible stair;
And dropt on the dark tide below, love,
Her mantle trails, silvery fair.

* * * * * *

I wake and find it a dream, love,
Sea, moon, star, voice, shining eyes,
The red light's long level beam, love,
Call of waves and the night-wind's replies.

Those sweet summer nights by the sea, love,
Alas! were they dream-phantoms, too?
If I turned from this distance to thee, love,
Could I prove their existence anew?

Do the waves dash high as of old, love,
When the great storms buffet them sore?
Do the rain-robes the gray cliffs enfold, love,
And the wild winds shout to the shore?

Should I find the small tower-room again, love,
Where we worked through the long, sultry hours?
Does the poplar tree rustle as when, love,
I thought it the falling of showers?

Is there really a city—a home, love,
Warm hearts and strong, clasping hands?
Quite alone in my exile I roam, love;
Strange skies bend o'er the strange lands.

When I'm weary and lonely and sad, love,
And nothing seems real but my pain,
At least let me know thou art glad, love,
In thy home by the heaven-touching main.

—*Boston Transcript.*

TIDES.

I.

Oh! the sea hath its ebb and the sea hath its flow,
And is ever the same great sea!
Now tossing their spray like the wreathéd snow
And laughing aloud in their glee,
In swift submission, glad, complete,
That fills my soul with delight,
The strong waves cast them low at my feet,
For now 'tis the tide's full height.

II.

Last night the moon smiled fair and free,
But the waves were all withdrawn,
And the line of foam shone filmily,
Like a drifting cloud at dawn,
And long I paced the wet sea floor,
With glimmering spoil o'erstrewn,
While the flood receded more and more,
Like a vanishing, far-off tune.

III.

So love hath its ebb and love hath its flow,
And is ever the same great love;
Through many a change our moon may go,
But never can remove;
To-day, in full surrender sweet,
It pours a lavish tide
The breathless soul stands forth to greet,
With eager arms flung wide.

IV.

Yestre'en in silent, dark repose
The conscious waters lay,
As if they fled pursuing foes,
Or feared their queen's dear sway.
But never a doubt or a torturing pang,
As I walked the shore, had I,
For "the sea is the sea," to myself I sang,
"At low tide as at high."

—*Boston Transcript.*

BEFORE PARTING.

Black sea and a bridge of burnished gold,
A gray cloud rising to shroud the moon,
A white robe falling in fold on fold,
As she sits at my feet in a light like noon.

A hand than the gleaming robe more white,
A head by its ebon tresses crowned,
And dark eyes brimmed with a splendor bright,
That only in paradise is found.

No word is spoken, for all is known;
The waves of change will dash in vain
Against our love's high tower of stone:
Silent, we watch the unconquering main.

A hint of perfume, subtle and sweet,
A touch of the sea-wind, ruthless and cold!
Here Love and Pain for contest meet—
Turn friends—and hand in hand grow old.

—*Boston Transcript.*

"GOOD BYE."

Two eyes as blue as morning skies,
But shadowed o'er with Pain;
And two, brown pansies washed in dew,
Or wet with summer rain,—

But bright with Love's eternal light,
Where sorrow hath no place;
So stand they, silent, hand in hand
A brief three moments' space!

And one must conquer ere 'tis done,
The Love or yet the Pain,
And heart with heart, before they part,
Chant one accordant strain!

One moment—two—they fight it thro'
In conflict fierce and strong;
The third, like some high-soaring bird
That fills the heavens with song,

Doth rise a sun thro' those blue skies
And force their gloom to yield!
Now low lies Pain, forever slain,
And Love holds all the field!

—*Boston Transcript.*

AT TWILIGHT.

All day I walk in Labor's dusty ways,
And find in present work my joy; at eve
Of Care and Toil, not loath, I take my leave,
And on my quiet couch give place to Praise!
Far upward to the shadowy blue I gaze,
And watch the stars the great sun's loss retrieve.
My soul, in one, doth Past and Future weave,
And Hope and Memory chant accordant lays.
The souls I love, distant however far,
Come forth like stars that brilliant Day hath hid
And look, with large, kind, comprehending eyes,
Upon me thro' the gloom, serene and wise.
How can I lonely be those friends amid,
Whose love no change of time or place can mar?

—*Boston Transcript.*

SYMBOL AND REALITY.

We're taught by symbols; when the real doth come,
Then straight the symbol's done away. The earth,
With all its changeful round of death and birth,
Its cloud wings tender, mountains strong and dumb,
Sea-voices mighty, wild bees' busy hum,
Days dark with grief, or overbrimmed with mirth,
Fair in itself, is yet of larger worth
Being the image of God's face. The sum
Of His Perfection waits our heaven-cleared eyes;
As when, upon the portrait of a friend
Gazing content, his well-known step we hear,
And turn, too deeply glad to feign surprise,
From face to soul: so, when our life's dreams end,
We wake to God with joy untouched by fear!

—*Congregationalist.*

THE PRESENCE.

I think I should be lonely here, and fret,
From friends, health, work—yea, e'en from rest afar,
After the setting of my once bright star,
When e'en my angel's voice is mute—should I wet
With bitter tears of impotent regret
My pillow, night and day, were any bar
Between my soul and God. His pledges are,
And cannot cease. On each his seal is set.
About this little vale rise storm-swept hills,
Strong, steadfast, calm. "Behold!" He saith, "how near!
So stands my power for thy defence, my love
For thy sure comforting. My presence fills
Thy silent chamber." Out of reach of Fear,
My Hope soars heavenly high, all clouds above!

—*Cottage Hearth.*

BLESSED BE HUNGER.

"Blesséd be hunger," still the lassie said,
Although her brother shook his curly head,
With "Blessed be this luscious fruit, instead!"

"Blest be fatigue." So spoke I yester eve,
When happy slumber did my eyelids leave,
And I rose up, as one who ne'er could grieve.

"Blesséd be pain, for its reprieve is sweet."
Thus spake the old Greek master, at whose feet
Still many spirits, truthward striving, meet.

"Blest be the keener hunger of the mind,
That drives us onward like a mighty wind!"
The student said; his brow with thought was lined.

"Blest be the thirst and hunger of the soul!"
Spake One of old. Between, the centuries roll;
We're kin of His and seek with Him one goal.

Blesséd be hunger, thirst, fatigue and pain!
Despise them not, nor count their mission vain;
While Joy's court needeth gates, will they remain.

—*Boston Transcript.*

TO THE SETTING MOON.

O golden boat, O golden boat!
In yonder sapphire west afloat,
So soon to vanish from my sight,
And leave uncheered the lonely night,—
On what far distant, viewless shore,
Thy voyage over, wilt thou moor?

O curving, shining, fairy barque!
Go'st thou to illume some region dark,
To brighten other eyes than mine
With thy dear radiance, half divine?
Think not upon thy happy way
My eager heart would bid thee stay!

But, magic boat, before thou go
Where bluer sky-waves ebb and flow,
Take thou this unaccustomed freight,
Bear it beyond the sunset gate,
So far no pensive evening wind
Can waft it back to vex my mind.

Take thou my tears, a gracious rain
To fall upon some arid plain;
Take thou my sighs, a gentle breeze
To stir the tops of leafy trees;
But all my vain and selfish dreams—
Oh, drown them in Lethean streams!

—*Springfield Republican.*

IF LIFE WERE A BANQUET.

I.

If Life were a banquet and Beauty were wine,
And Being the cup to contain it,
What duty had man save at ease to recline,
Drink deeply and never disdain it?
If Life were a banquet and Beauty were wine,
And Being the cup to contain it!

II.

If Life were a banquet and Glory were wine,
And Pain were the strong bowl that held it,
Would any man pause ere he quaffed, or repine
At the cost, though his heart's blood had swelled it?
If Life were a banquet and Glory were wine,
And Pain were the strong bowl that held it!

III.

If Life were a banquet and Love were the wine,
And pure lips alone touched the chalice,
What soul would refuse for a draught so divine,
To purge itself wholly from malice?
But Life *is* a banquet and Love *is* the wine,
And pure lips alone touch the chalice!

—*Sunday Budget.*

(First Prize Poem.)

A SUMMER DAY'S DESIRE.

'Tis, oh! to go afloating
Adown the rippling stream,
The leafy shores unnoting—
To drift as in a dream!

No friend to sit a near me,
No hand the helm to guide;
But wind and wave to steer me
At the will of the idle tide!

With the red sun just a-setting
Behind a wooded hill,
With a breeze the tree-tops fretting,
And a far-heard whip-poor-will!

Oh! a truce to pain and pleasure,
And one brief hour of rest,
In a peace beyond all measure,
On the cooling river's breast!

For my heart is hot and weary,
With the bliss and the woe of life;
The field I see not clearly,
For the smoke of the constant strife.

One hour of toil's fruition
To look at truth aright,
Then down from the mount of vision
Will I come and join the fight!

—*Boston Transcript.*

IN ARCADIE.

How swift the days fled, one by one,
In Arcadie, in Arcadie!
And when we thought them just begun,
(Those happy days!) the last was gone,
And we no more might linger on
In Arcadie.

Fair days, descending from the blue
On Arcadie, on Arcadie!
Some queens, and crowned with diamond dew,
By gleaming robes of sunlight gold
Enwrapt, in many a wind-swayed fold,
In Arcadie.

And some were Quakers clad in gray
In Arcadie, in Arcadie;
And passed serenely on their way,
Silent, as pondering some sweet thought,
From Goethe or from Homer brought,
In Arcadie.

Some days were angels, white and tall,
In Arcadie, in Arcadie,
Who led us to confessional,
There bade us of our sins repent,
And softly blessed us ere we went,
In Arcadie.

And oreads some, lithe-limbed and strong,
In Arcadie, in Arcadie—
With laughing eyes, forever young;
Our guides were they to mount and glen,
Green-robed, like Robin's merry men,
In Arcadie.

And lo! we stood on many a height
In Arcadie, in Arcadie;
The stream that lay in curves of light
Before our feet, through yon blue rift
Rolled seaward, silently and swift,
Through Arcadie.

That mountain-barrier, faint and far,
Round Arcadie, round Arcadie,
It shut us in with moon and star,
With sunset splendors, dawn delights,
And all the train of silver nights,
In Arcadie!

* * * * * *

And some there met who ne'er will part,
In Arcadie, in Arcadie;
For lands divide not heart from heart,
And friends are friends on sea or shore,
Although they wander nevermore
In Arcadie!

—*Boston Transcript.*

APPEAL AND RESPONSE.

"O Summer, stay thy coming,
Put off thy sandals swift;
Veil thy blue eyes; let storms arise,
And snows of winter drift!

I hate the faint, sweet odors
Wafted my casement through;
Each bird song clear that greets my ear
But pains my soul anew.

Alas! why must thou hasten,
With all thy witcheries,
The opening bud, the waking wood,
The violet-scented breeze?

Must I thy home revisit,
Thy quiet vales serene,
Thy mountain throne, thy woodlands lone,
Blue streams that flash between,

And meet again, O Summer,
The blithe Arcadian train,
The wingéd god with charméd rod,
The nymphs of mount and plain,

And have naught new to bring them,
In heart, in soul, in mind?"
"O foolish heart! whoe'er thou art,
That wouldst my footsteps bind,

For thee I cannot tarry;
I grow by force within,
That opens bud, and wakens wood,
And fair, green webs doth spin.

But make thee strong and noble;
Grow thou by power within:
Almighty Love, whose breath doth move
In me, will help thee win!"

—*Boston Transcript.*

AT SEA.

Oh, splendid is the wide, unbroken reach of sky!
Splendid the one great sapphire of the sea!
The lone white gull is flitting homeless by,
And the wild waves exult in Titan glee!
And with a strong, incessant, tireless motion,
Like a soul-purpose which no doubt assails,
The mighty ship advances o'er the ocean.

But I am weary for a quiet nook of land,
Full of tall maples and light-swaying ferns;
The mountains guard it tenderly, a giant band,
And safe within the red field-lily burns,
Like flame on Summer's altar. I am longing
For silent steadfastness of solemn hills,
Where vain ambitions will no more come thronging.

—*Boston Transcript.*

A SONG TO SILENCE.

Shadows drop over the forest, with dusky wings closing it round;
Birdling, nor bee, nor the slow-swaying branches stir now the profound;
Sleeping entranced are the hills. Will they wake to endurance more strong?
Heaven and earth are o'erflowing with silence far sweeter than song,

Silence that husheth our sorrows and maketh our bliss more supreme,
Silence that folds tired spirits more gently than Love in a dream,
Silence that whispereth softly God's message to hearts that will hear,
Silence thro' which, aye irradiate, the angel of Truth doth appear.

Ever about thee attendant do white wingéd Seraphim throng,
Souls that are bound by thy spell will awake to endurance more strong.
Vainly we strive to express the praise that to thee doth belong,
Song shall give place unto silence; for silence is sweeter than song!

The Class of '80, deeply bereaved in the loss of this beloved companion, would by the above selection from her scattered songs, rather than by any words of theirs, strive to make known the sweetness, courage and faithfulness of the spirit that is fled. With full hearts we echo her own utterance:

"To us the grief and pain;
To her release and gain,
Divinely tender healing,
And glorious unsealing
Of mystery, are given."

THE WEEK.

Feasting and revelry held sway over Wellesley in common with the rest of the land in the happy Thanksgiving time. Although those who were fortunate enough to live near went home, taking friends with them, still enough were left to make the season a gay one, with only one fault, that of being too short. In the Main Building about eighty girls enjoyed a sumptuous dinner, and divided the rest of their time between private spreads and dancing in the gymnasium. Several candy-pulls were effective in furnishing the Thanksgiving spirit. Late the merriment lasted, and at midnight's solemn hour a band of ghouls made night hideous with their wild shrieks which resembled the notes of a comb orchestra. In the various cottages the evening was pleasantly spent with games, charades, music and dancing. The Eliot girls were delightfully entertained at Freeman. The german, given Wednesday evening at Wood, was graced by the new piano, the gift of Mrs. Claflin to the cottage. For the Thanksgiving dinner at Wood the tables were set in a hollow square, Roman fashion, about the fireplace, with a bank of ferns in the centre of the square. At Simpson the first Thanksgiving day after the inauguration of Washington was represented. All the prominent ladies of that time Mrs. Adams, Mrs. General Knox, Mrs. Motte and many others were at dinner, and each told anecdotes of her experiences during the war. Benjamin Franklin's private secretary kept the company highly amused. In the evening a reception ended the day's festivities.

* * *

On Saturday afternoon, Nov. 30, Prof. Chapin gave the second lecture in the course on Greek literature. Her subject was "Lyric Poetry." In her introduction, she stated that the study of Greek art and poetry was the study of human nature under the most favorable conditions. The one great dominating principle of art and literature was expressed by the maxim of Solon, "Nothing in excess." The Greeks had the "divine gift of imagination," and that poetic insight, which helps to discern the eternal value of things, and the harmony of the universe. Their lyrical poets composed three schools, the Ionian, the Aeolian, and the Dorian. The writers of the Ionian school were gnomic, "furnishing wise sayings," and satiric. Of the former were Solon, one of the seven sages, and Mininenieus, from whose melancholy view of death, the word elegy takes its modern meaning. The satiric writers were Archiloclus, who introduced iambic metre to meet the requirements of satire; and Simonides of Amorgos, writer of a harsh satire on woman. His tombstone bore the suggestive inscription "Do not rouse the sleeping wasp!" Antiquity testified to the merit of Archilochus and he was even ranked next to Homer, but the fragments remaining to us do not bear out this reputation. In fact, satire in the Roman and modern sense never flourished in Greek literature. The best lyrics are found among the Aeolians. Here are the gems of Sappho, the queen of song, who was called by Plato the tenth muse, and was ranked by Aristotle with Homer. We have but fragments of Sappho's lyrics, which are hopelessly untranslatable and yet have had more translators than the poetry of any other, save Homer and Virgil. Of her real life nothing is known, since genius caused her writings to transcend her personality, and no evidence can be given to the legends concerning her, which appeared two hundred years after her death. "Her true biography is written in music." Alcaeus, after whose odes many of Horace's are modelled, and Anacreon also belonged to the Aeolian school. The Dorian school was characterized by dignity and severity of expression, and presented a direct contrast to the warm personal feeling of the Aeolians. They excelled in trained choruses, and when the chorus was introduced into drama, the Doric characteristics were retained. Pindar was the greatest of their lyrists. His odes are elaborate, and magnificent in coloring, but intricate, and statuesque in structure. He composed poems for occasions and for pay, yet he preserved poetic purity, and his odes, though appropriate to the occasions, are in a sense independent of them.

* * *

The regular meeting of the Shakespeare Society was held in the Norumbega parlors on Saturday evening, November 30. The program, as given, was as follows:

Shakespeare News. Miss Cornelia Green
Study of Plot. Miss Squires
Themes from Shakespeare. Children. Miss Alice Emerson.
Books and Reading. The Shakespeare Manuscript. Miss Lucia Morrill.
Dramatic Representation. Act 2. Scene IV.
Constance Miss Reed
King Miss Bock
Pandarus Miss Paton

Among interesting items of Shakesperian news, Miss Green told of a Japanese translation of "The Merchant of Venice," and also of "Romeo and Juliet" which appeared under the title of "Leaves from a Foreign Maiden's Diary." In her study of the plot Miss Squires brought out well the craftiness of King

John as being the predominant notice of the play. This idea was also dwelt upon by Miss Swift who gave an exceedingly keen interpretation of the character of John, showing how largely he was controlled by an overruling fate which prevents his plans from gaining the desired maturity. In the interesting paper upon "Children in Shakespeare," Miss Emerson showed that the absence of children on the Shakeperian stage was the inevitable result of the spirit of Shakespeare's age. For the child-life was not thought worthy the emphasis of a part, since the child was not considered as an important little being with a strong individuality even while young. A "Little Lord Fauntleroy" on the stage would then have been an impossibility in the sixteenth century. Yet Shakespeare did not lack an appreciation of children. His attitude toward them was half-tender, half-patronizing. In the history of the Shakesperian manuscript, Miss Morrill told of various amusing attempts which had been made to blind the critics, by men who have "restored" old manuscripts of doubtful authorship by giving to them the Shakesperian nom de plume. The representation was well given and through Miss Reed the grief of Constance was especially felt.

* * *

THE delighted exclamations of the audience that gathered in the chapel on Monday evening, Dec. 2, were so well merited as to give no one an opportunity of accusing the girls of undue enthusiasm. Both the members of the college and the friends from outside united in pronouncing the entertainment a thorough success. The program was full of interest.

1. Selection from "Mortal Antipathy," *O. W. Holmes*
   MISS RAYNER.
2. Song—Vision of St Cecilia. *Lebou*
   MISS ROBERTS. (Violin obligato, Miss Allen.)
3. Expression of the Emotions.
   TABLEAUX D'ART
   Studies in Plastiques.
   MISS SCRIBER.
4. Violin Solo—Reverie. *Sarasate*
   MISS ALLEN.
5. Song.
   MISS BLANCHE MAROT.
6. Illustrated Posings.
   TABLEAUX D'ART.
7. Fan Drill.
   TABLEAUX D'ART.

The first number was a bright and spirited rendering of the boat race scene from "Mortal Antipathy." The hearty applause showed that Miss Rayner had roused the audience, and for the rest of the evening they manifested no inclination to settle into indifference. The Tableaux d'Art under the direction of Prof. Kelley formed the chief feature of the entertainment. The tableaux were instantaneous, no curtain being used. At a word the maidens in their spotless Grecian robes took their positions and formed pictures whose beauty none can appreciate but those who saw these living statues. Colored lights brought out the effect, throwing now a glow of loveliness, now a chill of horror over the scene. Various expressions of the emotions, and scenes from every-day life were given Of the latter "a woman hailing a street-car" was the most amusing; all laughed over the funny way other women have of doing things. Following these representations came a series of tableaux taken from famous paintings, literature and mythology. Perhaps the most attractive of these were Niobe, and scenes from Macaulay's tale of Virginia. Aside from the grace and general beauty of the tableaux, the interest was greatly enhanced by the ease with which the young ladies fell into the difficult positions, thus displaying a control over the muscles which was at once the delight and despair of Miss Hill's undevitalized pupils. Not only was the power of taking the positions wonderful but the way in which they were held was still more striking, a fine proof of careful training. The Virginia tableaux were an admirable illustration of how a story can be effectively told by mere position and the expression of a face. Mention of Miss Scriber must not be omitted, whose Studies in Plastiques and whose prominence in various scenes claimed for her especial notice. Her impersonation of the Goddess of Liberty was remarkably effective. A very attractive part of the program was the music. The well filled house leads us to hope that the Chapel Fund will reap substantial benefit from the entertainment.

* * *

REV. J. K. Miller, of Philadelphia, preached on Sunday, Dec. 1. His text was John 12:25; "He that loveth his life shall lose it; and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal." The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered after the service. In the evening Mrs. Waterbury spoke of her experiences as a missionary in India. She brought out chiefly the homelessness of the women of India, which she traced to three principal causes. First, the passion there for everything that is old, leads them to cling to many old customs, notably to the custom of infant marriage. Second, when a young man marries he takes his child wife to his father's house to live, and often the mother-in-law is unkind to the little girl. Third the social condition of the women, places them below the men, for they are considered not to have the right to a mind or soul.

COLLEGE NOTES.

QUITE a delegation of the old girls have visited us during the past week. We noticed the familiar faces of Miss May Gilman, '88, Miss Maud Dodge, '88, Miss May Banta, '89, Miss Alice Brewster, '89, and Miss Carrie Drew, '89.

OWING to some mistake, the Vassar letter in a recent number of the PRELUDE was attributed to Miss Claribel A. Gedge. In reality, we are indebted to three Vassar students for the letter and to Miss Gedge for skilfully welding the parts together.

THERE seems to be a little misunderstanding among the more ignorant of us in regard to just what is meant by a yodel. The story is told of a girl who plaintively remarked, "I do hope it is n't anything to be sung; for I can't sing and I do want to yell!" For the consolation and enlightenment of this young woman, we will say that a yodel is simply a musical cry or call. The committee hopes to receive very many yodels as well as cheers of any kind.

WELLESLEY students, past and present will be interested in knowing that a poem by Mr. Edwards, formerly of the Botany Department, is on sale in the college book-store. The poem is described by its title, "The Procession of the Flowers," and reflects, as the many friends of Mr. Edwards will readily understand, the love of a lifetime for the changing blossoms of our New England months. The poem is printed in Wellesley blue and is so daintily gotten up in booklet form as to render it very suitable for a holiday gift. Price 15 cts.

THE College building possesses among its other attractions a band of practical jokers. Some of the inhabitants receive such frequent visits from this jolly company that their feelings at times resemble those of the Czar of Russia. If this simile needs interpretation, it might be said that they express their feelings by thoroughly searching their apartments before ten P. M. for hidden explosives. Last Wednesday, the guardian angel of the corridor must have smiled upon their efforts, for they were so successful as to discover three alarm clocks which had been concealed in a painstaking manner. The alarms were set at twelve, two and four, respectively. In behalf of the occupants of that corridor, we do tender cordial thanks and heartfelt gratitude to that guardian angel for her mysterious aid. It is hardly necessary to add that by the term "guardian angel," no furtive allusions to a corridor teacher are intended.

AULD ACQUAINTANCE.

MISS Harriet C. Powe, '84, is teaching in a private school at Bryn Mawr, Pa.

THE address of Miss Dora A. Scribner, '89, was incorrectly printed in the PRELUDE of Nov. 16. She is at Torrington, Ct.

MISS May Smith, '84, and Miss Fanny Delano, for several years a special student at the College, are teaching at Russellville, Ky.

MARRIED.

PINNEY–PINNEY.—At New Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y., Nov. 24, Eva Flora Pinney, student at Dana Hall, '81-'83, to Leslie Hall Pinney. Mr. and Mrs. Pinney will live at Granite Falls, Minn.

NEW POSITIONS.

Martha R. Mann, B. S., '85, Normal School, New Britain, Conn.

Caroline M. McNair, Kindergarten, Cedar Rapids, Ia.

May R. Moulton, High School, Laconia, N. H.

Helen L. Nourse, B. A., '89, High School, Turner's Falls, Mass.

Amanda C. Northrop, Richmond Female Institute, Richmond, Va.

Elizabeth B. Peckham, B. A., '88, Private schoo of her own, Newport, R. I.

Sarah T. Palmer, Pendleton Hill, Ct.

Carrie M. Pierce, Leicester, Mass.

Clara F. Preston, B. A., '89, Athol, Mass.

Mabel C. Ray, Main St. Grammar School, West Springfield, Mass.

Helen M. Reeves, Acadia Seminary, Wolfville, N. S.

Frances Seaton, B. A., '88, Rye Seminary, Rye, New York.

Mrs. M. E. Shelburne, Whitworth College, Brookhaven, Miss.

Minnie A. Shepherd, Pen Yan, New York.

Bessie H. Standish, High School, Fayetteville, N. Y.

Bertha Stowell, B. S., '89, Kirkwood Seminary, Missouri.

Isabella Thompson, B. A., '87, Assistant in Hebron Academy, Hebron, Me.

Edith A. True, B. A., '87, Tutoring in the family of Prof. Raphael Pumpelly, Bainbridge, Decatur Co., Georgia.

Jessie L. Van Vliet, B. A., '85, Assistant in High School, Minneapolis, Minn.

Dora Wells, B. A., '84, Principal of High School, Corry, Pa.

INTER-COLLEGIATE NEWS.

Princeton won the foot-ball championship in the final championship game, Nov. 28.

There are twenty-four Japanese students in the University of Michigan.

The plans for a new paper at Columbia have been abandoned.

The Chautauqua Literary Circle has 27,000 members in Japan.

The students of Brown University are supporting a missionary in the Congo Valley.

The first game of foot-ball in America was played in 1876 between Harvard and Yale.

Mrs. Elisha Jones has given $10,000 to the University of Michigan to establish a classical fellowship for girls.

Columbia is the wealthiest of American universities, and Harvard comes next with property valued at something less than $8,000,000 and a yearly income amounting to $363,121.

One man in 5000 in England takes a college course; one in 615 in Scotland; one in 213 in Germany; one in 2000 in the United States.

The famous Escorial Palace in Spain, an immense structure erected by the cruel King Philip II., has been converted into a college for training of young noblemen.

Japan has thirty-one schools of medicine, one of dentistry, and two of veterinary surgery.

According to the last report of the educational bureau there are 361 colleges for men in the United States, having 43,474 students, and 15 colleges for women with 20,772 students.

It is expected that ground will be broken in the spring for a new divinity hall at Tufts College. The cost will be $100,000, and the most of that sum is already pledged.

The contractors have begun to tear down the old Whig Hall at Princeton, and a new one, costing $40,000, of the Grecian style, will be erected on the old site. Whig Hall was founded in 1769, by James Madison.

Dr. Ely, Professor of Political Economy at Johns Hopkins, has announced that the American Economic Association, of which he is secretary, has received $500, to be awarded as prizes for the best essays on women as earners of wages. The prizes will be $300, and $200. The essays must not exceed 25,000 words each, and must be in the hands of the Association previous to November 1, 1890. The competition is open to all.

WABAN RIPPLES.

SCENE: Art Lecture Room.

MISS B: Miss ——— how may we ascertain the age of a Gothic building?

MISS ———: Why, by the style of ornamentation.

MISS B: Yes, that is internal evidence; now what external evidence have we?

MISS ———, (*quite disregarding such incidental evidence as would be found in town records, etc.*): Oh! the buttresses.

THE VASSAR YELL.

WELLESLEY SOPHOMORE TO VASSAR DITTO: I do think your class yell is just too lovely for anything. How did you get it up?

VASSAR SOPHOMORE: Oh, we were having a meeting for that purpose, and a mouse came gliding out of its hole. The yell was a kind of spontaneous affair.—*Burlington Free Press.*

TO MISS ———:

Please excuse my absence on Saturday, from headache.

It was caused by Logic.

Respectfully,

A female seminary in Western Pennsylvania has the following original cheer: "Ho-rah-ho, ho-rah-ho, giddy little fem. sems., ho-rah-ho; r-r-r-r-r-rats."—*Phillipian.*

"When you look at me that way," he murmered,
In accents timid and low,
"I feel as though I 'd forgotten
Every single thing that I know."

She looked at him gently, kindly,
Then lowly drooped her head,
"I 've heard that you were forgetful
About little things," she said.

NERVOUSNESS AND NERVE.

There is a difference you will observe
Between people with *nerves* and with *nerve*.
To make it quite plain,
And avoid mental strain.
These little examples will serve.

Miss Alicia, who 's troubled with nerves,
Went to get out some special conserves,
When a terrible roach
Barred the way of approach.
And she fainted among her preserves

Miss Deborah Ann, blessed with nerve,
Thus made her high courage to serve.—
A large dog who gave chase
She looked full in the face,
Till he formed an obsequious curve.

Margaret Vandegrift,
In the Dead Doll and Other Poems.

OUR OUTLOOK.

The Hartford Theological Seminary has a woman in the class of this year. She is the wife of a member of the senior class, and has entered upon a course of thorough preparation for foreign missionary service.

An American girl has exceeded all previous records of Alpine climbing, by ascending from Montanvert to two of the highest peaks of the neighborhood in twenty-two hours.

During the present year eleven ladies have passed the students examination necessary to enter the University of Copenhagen. Fröken Anna Hude who holds a degree from the University, and who last year obtained the University's gold medal, has been appointed assistant librarian in historical archives.

The question of the re-appointment of women on the New York School Board has been settled in the affirmative. Mayor Grant re-appointed Mrs. Mary N. Agnew, but in place of Miss Grace M. Dodge appointed Mrs. Clara M. Williams. Mrs. Williams is a graduate of the public schools and of the Normal College, and her appointment is desired by the alumnæ of that institution. It would have been well if Mayor Grant had appointed Miss Dodge, also.

The American Economic Association has received $500 to be awarded in prizes for essays on Women Wage-earners—$300 for the best, $200 for the next. Any person may compete. The essay must not exceed 250,000 words, and must reach Richard T. Ely, Sec. of the Association, Baltimore, Md., before Nov. 1, 1890. The papers must be type-written, and the name and fictitious name of the writer should be placed in a sealed envelope.

The whole number of students, past and present, whose names are on the books of Newnham College, England, up to the close of the University year just ended, is 502. Of these most have taken the tripos ex., either informally before these examinations were open to women, or formally. Fifty-six former students have married. Others have found posts as mistresses of high schools, assistant mistresses in these and private schools, not only in England, Scotland and Ireland, but in India, the Colonies, America and Japan. A few are still closely connected with Newnham College as lecturers, or are on its correspondence staff. Two have gone to the Royal Holloway College, one as mathematical and the other as classical lecturer. One student, Miss Jane Harrison, has distinguished herself as a writer upon archæology, and a lecturer in the British Museum. Two, Miss Constance Black and Miss Olivia Dymond, act as Librarians to the People's Palace, and one, Miss Edith Wilson, is Secretary for the Women's Department of the Owens College, Manchester. Others, for example, Miss Amy Levy, have distinguished themselves in literature. Several are actively engaged in newspaper work, so that on the whole the record of Newnham College speaks well for the movement in women's education, of which it is the outcome,—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

A desire to read the magazines or books of the Library is certainly commendable, but when this desire for mental improvement grows so strong that the books and magazines are cooly removed and appropriated for private purposes, we feel the need of sacrificing the good of the individual for the benefit of society in general.

The individual whose ethical nature allows indulgence in such unrighteous liberties should be giving thoughtful attention to "Moral Tales for the Young," or if too depraved for moral suasion, should be forcibly kept from disturbing the rights of the public. At all events, a person of that class is not prepared for such reading as the *Nineteenth Century*, for example, and would do well to return it at once to its place. If kleptomania was the cause of its being removed, the review might be returned now, as the act was so successful. Or if some deserving young person took it with a view to intellectual development, let her send her name and address to the *Prelude* and a fund shall be established with a view to reclaiming and keeping from temptation those among us who are obliged steal into the way of wisdom.

The Westminster Review for November opens with an able article, "Ireland and the Empire," by J. A. Partridge. The future of England is the theme of discussion, and justice to Ireland made the first link in the chain that will bind England and her Colonies in close union. "Justice to Ireland is salvation to the Empire."—"Timoleon the Liberator of Syracuse" assigns the highest rank in the order of patriots to Timoleon, and judges but three others worthy of mention with him, Alfred, William the Silent, and Washington—"The Present Position of Education" discusses the relations now existing between the public and church schools of England, and suggests some future changes. In the Independent section the New Round Table is devoted to a discussion of the Irish question: there are communications from Andrew Reid, Earl of Ashburnham, W. J. Evelyn and Gladstone. "The Natural Evolution of Man," by A. Derrar is a summing up of the various theories of man's origin, and a discussion of present scientific opinions. It is written in a manner that cannot fail to win the attention of both scientist and general reader. F. E. Marshall-Steele has an article on "Dramatic Recitation," which will attract all who are interested in elocution or the Drama. The article is a reply to Clifford Harrison's "Art of Recitation" in Murray's Magazine, and whichever side we may take in the controversy—and we are pretty sure to take sides—we must acknowledge the writer's skill in the presentation of his views.

In Home Affairs, recent Political, Scientific and Religious occurrences are discussed.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Life, Letters, and Journal of Louisa M. Alcott. By Ednah D. Cheney. Boston: Roberts Brothers, $1.50. This charming book, full of Miss Alcott's strong, healthful personality, comes to us who have longed to know what lay back of the stories we have read and re-read with undiminished interest, as the fulfillment of our desire. It leads us into the hidden life of one whom, as our friend we have wished to know better. The frontispiece, a portrait of Miss Alcott, forms a suitable introduction. Other illustrations are engravings of the Concord home of "Little Women" and of a photograph of Miss Alcott taken in 1862. Mrs. Cheney has woven together with threads of explanation, narrative, and criticism, selections from letters and journals which give us glimpses into the childhood worries and trials, the perplexities and struggles, and the well-earned successes and triumphs of the real "Jo." Many will be glad to know the truth in regard to the original of "Laurie," and of other characters who have become living friends to the readers of Miss Alcott's books. Fac-simile autograph letters and extracts are an interesting feature of the book. Much may be learned of the Alcott family life, and the vicissitudes of Miss Alcott's early attempts at authorship. The great charm of the book lies in the details of outward and inward life which are given in Miss Alcott's own words.

Bug-Jargal. By Victor Hugo. Edited by James Boïelle, M.A., Senior French Master in Dulwich College. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. *Bug-Jargal*, Victor Hugo's earliest prose production was written for a wager, at the age of eighteen, in the incredibly short space of time, two weeks. The scene is laid in the tropical island of Hayti, and the story is a portrayal of the sad and tragic events in the life of Captain Léopold d'Auverney, one of the many who suffered in the revolt of the negroes under the slave Pierrot, known to his soldiers as "Bug-Jargal" The recital of events is simple, rapid and vivid, the interest of the reader being awakened in the first chapter by the presentation of d'Auverney, and never allowed to abate until the book closes with the death of Bug-Jargal. The style is clear and energetic, but we must not expect to find here the imprint of Victor Hugo's grander and maturer genius. The book is altogether a very fascinating and interesting one, and forms a fitting prelude to his later works The present edition of "Bug-Jargal" is intended for the use of higher French classes in schools or colleges, and the notes by Mr. Boïelle are remarkable for the comprehension they show of aid needed by such classes, for the thorough understanding of the idioms and references in the text.

Niels Klim's Wallfahrt in die Unterwelt. By Ludwig Holberg. Edited by Eugene H. Babbitt, Instructor in German in Harvard University. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. The time given to reviewing this little book has been pleasantly spent, and students of German will find both enjoyment and profit in reading it. Of the author, Mr. Babbitt says, "Ludwig Holberg is one of the most interesting characters in the whole history of literature. A man of thoroughly upright character, and eminently sound judgment, he gave the whole of his long life to the intellectual advancement of his people." Besides some historical works, he he wrote a set of comedies which have been considered worthy to be compared with those of Molière. The present work, *Niels Klim*, appeared in 1741, and was probably suggested by *Gulliver's Travels*. Niels Klim, a young student, fresh from the university, attempts to explore a cavern near his own home. The rope by which he is lowered gives way, and after a long fall, Klim finds himself in the centre of the earth on a new and strange planet. This book is an account of his travels among the curious people he meets there. The author contrasts the customs and institutions of the "Unterwelt" with those of his own country, and uncovers with unsparing hand many of the weaknesses and abuses of church and state in his own time. The work is satirical and philosophical in character, but the narrative form and a rich vein of humor make it entertaining reading. On the whole, it is well adapted to fulfil the purpose for which it was edited, namely, for rapid reading in classes in German.

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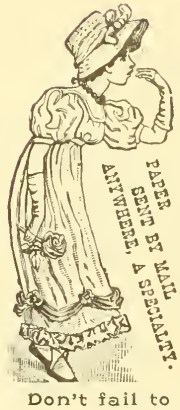

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